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May, 1918

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Eleventh Spring Rose Show

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May 4 and 5*



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The California Garden

*Published Monthly by the San Diego Floral Association
One Dollar per Year, Ten Cents per Copy*

Vol. 9

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, MAY, 1918

No. 10



WE are trying to get out this issue before the Rose Show, to be held at Balboa Park in the California Building, May 4 and 5, but, unfortunately, that is not the same thing as getting there, so this ought to be written from a perfect balance on the top of the fence so that the reader won't know if we miss our aim. Bless our reader, who bears with all our idiosyncracies and smiles and pays again.

This is the eleventh successive yearly Rose Show of the Floral Association in San Diego. It has pursued its even sweet smelling way through hard times and booms, refusing to stop even for the Exposition and now it bobs up in the midst of War. This must mean that San Diego thinks the Rose Show worth while, or some of its folks anyway. The Rose has many connections with war. Most of us have heard of the War of the Roses which upset England for many years, and we find that the names of warriors are favorites for roses. Though Napoleon is not favored among roses Marechal Niel is, and so is the Duke of Wellington. There is a Crown Prince and General Jacqueminot and all San Diego grows General MacArthur. Sir Garnet Wolseley is on the list and also Captain Christy, and we have both La France and Liberty, Killarney and Los Angeles. Everybody knows the Lyon rose and that wonderful Frenchman Monsieur Edouard Heriot, Mayor of Lyons, has a rose namesake that came to our gardens a few years ago, a glorious splash of color. Folks should give up calling it the Daily Mail rose, for that is only a nickname given when America thought the winning of the large prize of a thousand dollars or pounds more important than being titled for one of the world's great men. America does not think so any more, therefore let it be Monsieur Edouard with affectionate deference. Bulgaria was the largest producer of Otto of roses, which is extracted from the Damask rose, and the best otto was produced by those evil-smellers in all good men's nostrils, the

Germans, near Leipzig, and the gallant French near Grasse, where a strain of Province rose is cultivated for the purpose. Possibly both of these industries are suffering today.

In the hope of interesting the Poetry Society of San Diego in the Rose Show it may be mentioned that a Greek lady named Sappho, who was born about 600 B. C., poetized about the rose thus:

"Would Jove appoint some flower to reign
In matchless beauty on the plain,
The Rose (mankind will all agree),
The Rose the Queen of flowers should be."

There does not seem much excuse for this fragment, though perhaps it would not have been preserved so long if saying more in the ordinary way and we should be thankful that it is but a fragment.

Cleopatra and Nero and other luxurious ones of those times were great flower shop patrons. They could not lie down comfortably unless their couches were strewn with rose petals and Cleo loved to wiggle her toes among them. Horace and Pliny in those days centuries ago tried running a Garden magazine like this and have left records of how advisable it is to dig down at least two feet in cultivating roses, but they seem to have had as hard a time as we do with their paper devoted to such subjects and gave it up for odes and history and such uninteresting though enduring stuff.

Apologetically we must ask visitors to our rose show not to expect to find in perfection those varieties they grew as favorites in other climes where fog and rain and damp are ordinary things in life. We are apologizing to San Diego, not the visitor, because we have to say that this climate is far too good for a real rose location. Our roses cannot wait long enough in the bud stage. They have got to blow to take a look at the Bay and climate and they make such a noise enjoying it that the whole bush gets full of buds anxious

to take a peep. Good roses grow where noses run and feet get cold. This is why our roses, with a few notable and honorable exceptions, like General MacArthur, don't smell. The varieties that do best with us are the Hybrid Teas, which don't smell anywhere except to those noses that can smell through their eyes, and there are some like that. There is another reason for a lack of super quality and that is too great an ease in growing flowers. If some of our rosarians who think they work awfully hard with their roses could read Dean Hole's account of how the working men in Lancashire nearly froze themselves and their families by taking the blankets off their beds to cover up their little bit of glass on a suspicious night, just before the show, and protect their few entries, they would understand what loving one's roses means. We grow too many blooms and not enough roses. To read the specifications of preparing a rose bed according to Hole, which is nearly Hoyle in spelling and quite so where roses are concerned, one would imagine

it was a foundation for that sixteen-story building on Broadway, for it starts with a complete excavation three feet deep, carefully sorting the good from the bad soil in the operation, and then the kinds of earth that must be properly mixed to fill it all up again. It cannot be done here with hay at \$40 and men who can use a shovel high in proportion. We hope some day to find a hole ready dug. There is one on Fifth street, up Expositionwards, that would make a dandy start, but where would we get enough of the soil specified to fill it? Oh, believe us, there is more to this rose question than a pair of shears and a garden hose.

There are such a lot of folks with us who have never been to a rose show, some even who pride themselves thereupon, and for them we have dug up all these matters so that they may understand going to a rose show may be interpreted as an interest in war, antiquity or excavating and need not necessarily hurt any one's character.

War on Garden Pests

By G. R. GORTON

May might be said to be the month of Aphid. During this month gardens—both plain and ornamental—will be visited by one or several of the twenty some odd species which are commonly to be encountered. Rose and cabbage, bean and oleander and many other vegetables, ornamental plants, fruit trees, etc.—each has its own pet species. An Aphid is a sudden thing—it has a way of appearing all at once, apparently out of nowhere, and sometimes succeeds in doing considerable damage if it is not checked.

Generally speaking, there are two classes, aerial and subterranean. Obviously the former is the easier to combat, and the control consists of spraying the infested plants with some sort of tobacco decoction, usually a form of nicotine sulfate known commercially under the trade name of "Black Leaf 40". The formula generally recommended for this purpose is as follows:

Black Leaf 40 (Nicotine Sulfate) 1¼ teaspoonful; Soap (Whale Oil or Laundry) 1 oz.; Water, 1 gallon.

Spraying should be done before the leaves have curled.

An orchard pest which should have been given honorable mention last month is the

codlin moth, which infests apples, crabapples, pears, quinces, green walnuts, and occasionally loquats. It is somewhat late to recommend treatment for earlier varieties, but in the case of those upon which the fruit has not yet commenced to set, application of a "deterrent" may still be made.

If the work is thoroughly done, control may be effected with one spraying. This is done after the petals have fallen from the fruit blossoms, but before the calyx buds have closed. However, it is always better to follow this application with a second one three or four weeks later. Bordeaux mixture may be, and often is combined with both sprayings as a control for scab.

The open season for squirrels is all the time, but at this time of year, and especially this year, a particularly strong effort is directed toward the eradication of this enemy which collects a tribute of \$30,000,000 in food-stuffs every year from the state of California alone.

Authority has been granted to the County Horticultural Commissioner to prepare and distribute poisoned barley to the public at cost, or one of several preparations may be purchased from other sources for the purpose.

The Flower Garden

By MISS MARY MATTHEWS



At present every sign indicates a dry season. Already plants that at this season are usually green and thrifty have begun to droop and show the lack of moisture. To bring them through irrigation will be needed.

All tropical plants can go in now. One charm about these is that most are sweet scented. Take for instance *choisya ternata*, or Mexican orange, it always gives out its very peculiar pungent odor with the least handling. The true rose-mary will also reward you with a fragrant perfume if you give it a passing touch. Early blooming shrubs, that is, those that gave their flowers in the winter or early spring, should be pruned now so as to make a strong growth for the coming season.

The Philadelphia, or mock orange, (usually called *syringa*), will give you more than one good crop of flowers in a season if properly trimmed. If the foliage on your spring bulbs has yellowed, lift them carefully and store in a cool place and use the ground where they were for some quick blooming annuals, marigolds, zinnias, cosmos, all do well planted now. Do not forget the *Cosmos Klondike*, the deep orange one. The South African orange daisy, *dimorphothea aurantica* is a good filler, that is, if you want all vacant spots filled up. I myself much prefer to leave them as they are till the coming of another season. I like to see the vacant spots, and say to myself, "Oh yes, this is where those beautiful anemones or daffodils as the case may be, bloomed in the spring", and picture just how they looked, when they were cut, and to whom given and to think next season if given proper care, they will repeat the pleasure. *Pelargoniums*, or Lady Washington *Geraniums*, are in their prime now. There are many beautiful new ones being introduced every season. Just after the blooming period has passed is a good time to start slips. The plants like a warm dry exposure. Another oldtime favorite that slips readily at this time is the *Lippia Citrodora*, or Lemon Verbena. Now is the time too to put out the garden verbenas. They make a showy bed in the garden. All four herbs can be separated this month, also seeds of them sown in a reserve bed.

Cannas divided now and reset, given plenty of water, will furnish blooms late into the Season.

Papyrus, bamboos, and any of the ornamental grains can be reset this time. Put

in seeds of perennials now for next seasons blooming.

In a few days will come to the Rose show. When no doubt many new things will be shown, both among the roses, and other garden plants, and we can each one of us benefit by going, and displaying what we consider our choicest blossoms. If you have even just one bloom and it is a good one take it and enter it in some class, and even if you do not get first premium you will get enough pleasure to repay you for your trouble. There is a radical change among florists and the nurserymen as regards the class of plants they expect to grow in the future. Many have cut out everything except seeds. Again some who grew a general line announce they will grow only certain things in the future, on account of conditions and scarcity of labor. One nurseryman who grew all shrubs and herbaceous perennials now says he will grow only Philadelphia, (mock orange) *syringas*, (lilacs) and the *deutzias*. Another, that in the future they will handle only home grown bulbs; others, seeds, etc. So if you want to secure something that has been always in the stock of your favorite Florist, do so now before the present general stock is eliminated.

TO CAN STRING BEANS

(In the North and West)

Washington, D. C.—Use fresh beans. String them. Blanch them from five to ten minutes in steam. Remove and dip quickly into and out of cold water. Pack directly into hot jars or cans. Pour in enough boiling water to fill the container. Add one level teaspoonful of salt to each quart. Put rubber rings and caps on jars into position, but do not tighten the wire clamps. Seal tin cans completely.

Place containers on a false bottom of wooden slats or wire mesh in a vessel of water deep enough to completely cover the containers. Keep the water boiling for three hours.

Remove the jars, tighten covers; invert jars to test sealing, and cool (not in draft as jars might crack).

Tin cans may be placed in cold water for rapid cooling.

After the containers are cool, store in a dark, cool place.

You can brag about your garden all winter if you have your canned evidence on the dinner table.

Concentrate products, especially soup mixtures, so that each container will hold as much canned food and as little water as possible.

Pickings and Peckings

By THE EARLY BIRD



RECEIVED an invitation to put up \$25, I think it was, to fight the singletax danger. Aside from the fact that I have not even a dime to put up to fight anything, except the Kaiser, I have a kind of friendly feeling towards this single tax, which those who invited me to fight it say will lower the value of my property and generally upset the apple cart. (Single taxers kindly take notice that they cannot get a nickel either), but I cannot see that there is any stable method of arriving at the value of land today. Take my little piece of this old earth which can be only mine for the brief span of years while I wear out my old body, it is not worth the smallest Liberty bond per acre as an agricultural proposition, but because it is supposed to be coveted by many others as a home site it is assessed at fourteen hundred and fifty per acre. Now surely this assessment, based on pure, and for the last two years mistaken, sentiment, is an unsafe basis for single tax, and a darned poor one for our present method of taxation. The same argument applies to the lots on our main streets. Their assessed value today is up where it is because we have not yet as a people realized that modern transportation facilities make our habit of herding our business locations into the smallest possible space a grave mistake, if not a crime, and it is almost a certainty that from now on the so-called value of centre of a city property will decrease rather than go up. This is not meant to apply particularly to San Diego, but to all cities except, perhaps, those who are so unfortunate as to have natural physical bars to a healthy expansion. Of course these are only the mental meanderings of an early bird and won't cause any slump in real estate.

The world is up against the task of finding out what things are worth. We all hope we won't arrive at the point of squeezing the value out of everything but essentials to living, living in the primitive sense of eating and keeping reasonably warm and dry, but we have gotten a good, long way on the road to seeing what this might be like. If you could not sell a fifty-carat diamond you would trade it for a loaf of bread when you got hungry enough, that is, if you had sense enough of real values. What I am trying to get at is this: How will our present day experiences effect the million and one things we have, and could live without? My question calls to mind a conversation I had with another San Diegan hinging on my remarking that an agricultural laborer in England thirty years ago

got an average wage of sixty cents a day. His argument was that he did not live, being debarred from auto rides, theatres, ice cream and chewing gum; while my memory supplied the picture of a neat cottage bowered in flowers, a buxom wife and many sturdy children. I have been and eaten in many of them heartily and well. Sundays and holidays found the man smoking his pipe and tending his roses. His daughters did not learn to tickle the piano, or fancy dancing, and this is no pretense at justifying any such wage as sixty cents a day, but thereon these people lived and raised huge families. We say, "Yes, but the price of everything has gone up." It has mainly because we want so much and all want it at the same time and our values are really based on the consumer's necessities or what he thinks are such. If you doubt this, imagine what the value of coffee would be in a month if all the world took the advice of the Postum people and stopped drinking it. It is the coffee habit that regulates the price of coffee. Now supposing circumstances cut out all the urge bred of the desire to let the other fellow see you dolled up; suppose no woman dressed for the other women to see her; that no man selected an auto with the idea of the impression it would give the rest of the world when he rode abroad; that all the frills in our daily dress were discarded, no collars, no cuffs, merely a modest covering to give warmth with as little inconvenience to movement as possible; tailors and dress-makers would have to start designing on an entirely different basis. The average decently dressed man today carries a hundred dollars invested in his clothes and no early bird may make an estimate on the price of outfitting a woman, but they could be decently clad for ten per cent of the money even at present prices if, and it is a huge IF, there were nobody else to look at them.

Perhaps no one ever better realized the evasive nature of values than the present government officials who have been sweating blood trying to fix a few here and there amid a chorus of howls and yelps. It would be interesting to know how value gets into some things and out of others; works of art for instance. A painter dies and his pictures rise in value presumably because he cannot paint any more, but it is a common experience that they keep on rising just as if every decade after his death made him deader and more unlikely to arise and paint some more. On the other hand a picture sells for much because it is reputed the work of a celebrity, but along comes a connoisseur who says it was not done

by the genius and it can be bought for a song. Was the value in the picture or in the signature?

Well I get awfully mixed over this value question and I just wish I could see a solution so simple as single tax, but the trouble seems to be that in every transaction there are always two parties on opposite sides, one appreciating the other depreciating the goods, and

a third party making an assessment does not assure justice, for as like as not he is more ignorant of the matter in hand than the other two, and the more you call to judgment the worse the trouble grows. Value is not a fixed quantity. When I was a boy the value of the eats soared and sunk as I filled my stomach and a grown-up nation seems to have reached no greater stability. An assessor, if conscientious, should go insane in a week.

In Caliana Canyon

By F. C. ARTER



HAVE recently made an excursion into Caliana Canyon, that romantic little canyon down in Balboa Park, which I have claimed, in these columns, to have discovered and named. It was just after one of those glorious rains of recent occurrence. All outdoors was looking "spick and span", everything cleansed, air purified, the birds seemed to be adding an extra note or two to their songs and I suspect some of the mental cobwebs had been cleared away. Conditions seemed propitious for a delightful hour or two in this particular section. Here one may easily find, without unduly exercising the imagination, every physical feature of the geography of a continent in miniature.

As I had anticipated, I found quite a little rivulet, or rather, let's call it a raging torrent had developed. It was flowing full-banked in places, in others it had broken its bounds dividing, forming little emerald islands, forested with blooming chaparral. Here the waters were dashing and splashing over rocky beds, now flowing silently through alluvial cuts, or rippling and eddying over broad, sandy bottoms, again gathering strength, rushing through deep boulder-faced defiles, or over rocky declivities developing into thundering cataracts.

As I loitered along its banks crossing and re-crossing many times, jumping where possible or cautiously balancing with my "rain-stick" on the boulders where the current was swift, there was an appreciable touch of the romantic pervading the place. I saw much evidence of Nature's preparation for holding her annual Spring Flower Show out here. (Admission free, with a big bunch of flowers for the Camp Kearny boys). The valley and slopes were covered with a new carpet. The old "faded brown" of last fall having quite disappeared. Many of the decorations were in place. Green and white seems to be the prevailing note this spring, ladies. The show now awaits only Time's sure touch of sun-

shine and showers to bring the flowers and arrange the color scheme.

Had I the knowledge and command of the botanical vocabulary that some of those "Guys" who write for the Garden, I should like to tell you more fully of the interesting things in the way of plants and shrubs found here. Perhaps Mr. Fleming might be induced to essay the task.

The most exciting feature or incident of this visit was the discovery that my canyon had been found and invaded by a small band, with, as I feared, hostile intentions. Far upon the (Gee! how it's raining, a regular downpour Let's stick a pin here at March 19, 1918,) western slope of the canyon I saw a long, narrow, perpendicular, yellowish spot. Just above it there was a dark opening in the face of the slope. At this point I could see two pygmy-like objects moving stealthily about among the brush. Ah! robbers, no doubt, or, perhaps, slackers of some sort "digging in" to evade their pursuers. With some of the bravery of boys who go "over the top" I decided to investigate. With no means of defense other than one similar to Everett True's ever-present weapon of offense, I climbed up, trying to assume a welcome-to-my-canyon sort of bearing. I was relieved to learn that my suspicions were not well founded, as they proved to be school boys with strong tendencies to revert back to our ancestral modes of life. On nearing the cave I could hear the sepulchral voice of a third party issuing from the interior. This party was addressed as "Red" and was industriously shoveling out the debris. I shall watch the development of this pioneer cave or cliff house, as outlined to me by the head architect. After freely accepting their reasons for not being in school at the time, and wondering if their teacher would be as generous, I retraced my steps up the canyon.

I am persuaded that one need not journey to some trans-oceanic, trans-continental or trans-state land, to get into that romantic atmosphere that seems to be essential to the enjoyment of many folks when out for a "good time". It can be found right here in our hills and canyons.

The Lath House

A. D. Robinson



N fixing up the hanging baskets for those tuberous begonias I was impressed by essentials in building this kind of a thing and though I have been doing it for many years I keep learning. In the first place, I have tried all kinds of ways to hold the basket during the operation and had sorted the methods down to a large pot, but this year I hung a piece of chain from the roof and found it a vast improvement. Its links made it possible to hang any basket at any desired height and without shifting my position I could get at any side. Plenty of moss, especially at the bottom, is absolutely necessary; enough not only to hold the soil in the beginning but sufficient to last through the period of the basket's life, or rather the life of the thing planted therein. This moss is best when it comes in slabs just as it is gathered and a good piece must start the work. Place it with the mossy side towards the basket and build up on the sides from it. Before putting in any dirt I gently poke my finger all over the surface to hunt out any weak spot. Don't attempt to line all the basket at one time, but put in some soil so as to hold it as you go and when it is nearly full tackle the rim. This must be sewn on, I use old fish line and a sack needle, and don't try to get along too fast, for it is not easy to darn afterwards. Now, between the rim and the sides, will be found lots of weak spots and these must be thoroughly mossed or the water will run off your basket as quickly as it is put on. Then fill with dirt, which should be of a rather coarse, fibrous mixture, not prone to wash out. The soil must be thoroughly worked down, take several minutes to this, pushing it down with the fingers all round. Work it both down and into the sides and you will find your basket was really only half full. The more soil you can get in the better will your plant do. After all this, soak thoroughly. You cannot wet up a basket to start with by sprinkling, however much time you have for it, because it is easier for the water to go through the moss than to penetrate into the soil. That is a great deal about so apparently a simple operation, but just study the most of hanging baskets that have been in operation a few months and you will be reminded of last year's birdsnests.

There is nothing that contributes so much to the decoration of lathhouses and porches as hanging baskets and yet they are not very plentiful. The fact is, the plants that will thrive any length of time in them are not many. A few years ago everybody had a

Boston fern in a basket and the plant lover went around with a constant ache at the dyspeptic specimens. Most of them were bought soon after being put into the basket or from greenhouses, and Boston likes shade and lots of moisture so that in a dry wind and often lots of sun, he or she grew pale yellow and dwindled away. Another misfit was *Asparagus Sprengeri*, but for a different cause. This is so fierce a root maker that in no time it had pre-empted all available space and having no more to conquer laid down on its job. The two finer varieties, *Scandens* and *Scandens Deflexus* do much better, especially if kept in complete shade. Several of the maidenhair ferns love the hanging baskets. They delight to climb around the sides and peep through the wires and will raise a crop of chickens from their own spore to decorate the sides and bottom. I have never grown so fine maidenhair fronds as in a hanging basket. Some *Cuneatum* measured twenty-eight inches under lath. This same plant came down by boat from San Francisco in 1902, took several prizes at the flower shows in company with a *Bertha McGregor* begonia and the combination still flourishes exceedingly now in a long redwood box suspended in the lathhouse. *Adiantum Capillis Veneris* *Mariesi*, a coarser and greener variety, also likes a hanging basket, as does *Gracillis*. Most of you remember Miss Session's charming chip basket of this. There are many Begonias that like basket treatment; the small *semperflorens* type, such as *Erfordi*, *Luminosa*, *Bertha de Chateau Rocher*, etc., and the *Rexes* enjoy the moist moss for their roots. *Festini*, with its water suggesting leaves and erect pink florets, also charms thus planted, but takes quite a time to make a good specimen. *Achimenes* do well, though their colors might be better, and *Lobelia* is wonderful. To those who like the strange the *Giant Tradescantia*, or *Wandering Jew*, will appeal with its long runners with plantlets at the end curved up like the bowl of a pipe. There are countless little cover plants, so to speak, to decorate the basket itself. There is nothing better than a small growing very blue grey sedum; in fact the sedums deserve more than passing mention in this connection, but surely enough has been said to make you build that hanging basket.

There is a general complaint, better grounded perhaps than most popular howls, of roots from neighboring trees mining into lathhouses and I got an idea from visiting the loft in my barn where all the things that were and are not have gravitated and seeing stuck up

in the rafters a hay knife. To those uninitiated this is a weapon about three feet long with a blade in inch steps and two handles placed so as to exert the maximum pressure on a down stroke. It was used to slice haystacks as one does a loaf of bread. The idea was that with this knife one could circumnavigate the lathhouse beds and severely discourage marauding roots. Of course rocky

soil would be in the way, but if well dampened and the course first laid out with a spade, I have hopes that Mr. Hayknife may find a job again and I am sure of his usefulness in sandy soil, I am only waiting the time and the muscle to put him to the proof.

Time to water very regularly and to begin with liquid fertilizer. Oh, have you those tuberous begonias?

Flower Growing in Australia

(Edward Gray, Botanic Gardens, Kynebon, Victoria, Australia.)



FRIEND has kindly sent me a copy of the "California Garden," and I was greatly interested in learning something of the doings of flower lovers in your state, which we are told is very similar in climate to a large portion of Australia. So I thought that perhaps a little information about our flowers might prove of interest to Californians, and have ventured to crave the indulgence of the editor thus far. Lest there be some readers who are not well informed about Australia, I will say that we are beginning to become quite civilized, especially in our towns and cities, where gardening is being made quite a feature, and in our gardens we grow practically the same kinds of flowers as are to be seen in American gardens. In dahlia cultivation we are quite up-to-date, and judging from American catalogues our varieties are even a little in advance. In cactus dahlias, only those with fine needle-like florets are considered, the flat ones being relegated to the decorative class. We also grow the newest types of Peony-

flowered, and Collarettes. We plant from September (early spring) till January (mid-summer), and the blooming period is from December till the autumn frosts, which usually come in May and terminate the season.

Roses are also greatly in favor here, and we have fine displays in spring and autumn. Chrysanthemums also make a very attractive show in autumn and we have some of the finest of these in the world, many of which were raised by Mr. Pockett, an Australian gardener, who is a kind of Burbank among Chrysanths, and whose varieties are popular all over the world. All the spring and summer annuals do particularly well here, and we can show the masses of asters, celosias, petunies, zinnias, etc., the climate being very favorable to the growth of these.

I had intended to write something about our native flowers, but to do so would require too much space. If, however, there is a desire to know about these, I should be pleased to use my humble pen in an effort to describe them on some future occasion.

THE PASS WORD—"WAR"

"We have got to reach the place each one of us, where we define every decision in our lives as an act of war policy.

"Everything that we do, plan, eat, wear, must be analyzed and measured from one single point of view—will it contribute to the carrying on of the war, or will it contribute to its prolongation?

"There is no other thing in the world for us but to define everything in our lives as acts of military necessity or policy."

—Dr. Alonzo Taylor.

Growing the Dahlia

Alfred D. Robinson



SUBSCRIBER to this magazine, who secured the premium offered of Rosecroft Dahlia seed, renews and at the same time informs me that she won a handsome trophy for the best dahlia display at her home show, adding "the most of the display that carried off the prize was grown from the Rosecroft seed". Of course a certain amount of selfgratulation enters into my telling you this but also I would say that I still have a limited supply of this same seed with unimpaired germinative quality and will still give a package for every new subscriber to California Garden. This offer is not retroactive and the seed can be secured in no other way.

Dahlias are now pushing strongly where they were left in the ground; in fact the cactus variety, Britannia, developed a good bloom April 29 and several seedlings bloomed in March. It is not advisable to let more than two or three shoots grow for a clump, especially if the cut-back method of culture is employed, and I have seen no reason yet to give up, but if the extra shoots are taken off right at the juncture with the tuber when a few inches long they form the best cuttings and will quickly root and make good blooming plants this season if shaded and kept wet. This is the general professional method of propagating, division of tubers being much slower.

This is not a year for growing a lot of ordinary varieties. We are short on moisture and dahlias want a lot. Grow a few good ones and give them extra attention.

May is a good month for planting, in fact the so-called green plants rooted cuttings don't appear till then. These require a little shading till well established and growing and must be protected from slugs and snails. Dry lime will do this. I regard the cutting back of these green plants as especially necessary. Briefly the method is to cut off to the last pair of leaves when they have made three pairs and then to do the same with the resulting two side shoots. I have said this and described the whole dahlia program as I see it so often that it is very stale to me but those who want more detail can go back to the Gardens of this date for a few years and they will be satisfied both as to detail and my right to nausea. Generally speaking, the early cultivation of the dahlia is now in season and for this stage till buds appear I believe in level cultivation never too close to the plant, as dahlias make tubers down in the soil and grow above from a myriad fine roots in a mass near the surface and these

must not be disturbed. At the appearance of the first bud, or even a little before, a good sized basin should be made and filled with a mulch. I have hitherto been strong for manure for this mulch but have found its tendency to dry out and cake a severe drawback and this year I shall use some hay I am making from the wild grasses around and a few bales of alfalfa so musty and bad that even in these times I cannot ask my animals to pick them over, and I expect to put on some manure also. Lawn clippings are undoubtedly good if not piled up near the stalk where they might cause grave trouble by heating, but mine go to the chickens.

Dahlias are most easily raised from seed, the only care being not too attentive. Judicious neglect results in sturdy little plants that transplant without a set back. Probably right in the ground is the best place, where shade can be given till they germinate, and removed as soon as they do. Don't plant seed thickly and don't transplant till they have three pairs of leaves.

As to soil the dahlia is not particular though it likes it loose. Colors are better on stiff soil but the constant dampness they demand with perfect drainage is not easily obtained therein. Manure of any sort against tuber or plant is bad and often fatal.

Again I am urged to suggest experiments with dahlias for food. If they could be prepared so as to be palatable they would form a wonderful addition to our table roots growing in the season when potatoes won't. They were once tried in New York and I heard of no deaths and they form a considerable stock food in parts of Mexico. By selection no doubt they could be made to produce enormously, for tubers weighing many pounds are not uncommon.

Grow some good dahlias, but don't waste time and other things on poor ones. The usual place for dahlias in England is the vegetable garden. I recall a large one with a wide central alley-way lined with dahlias and they always appear at the County Fairs among the carrots and potatoes.

Save food or go on short rations.

Make 12 ounces of bread do where 16 served before.

If you run your household on three pounds of sugar a month per person, when fall comes the grocer won't have to hang up the sign, "No Sugar".

The Rose

By SAM SLACK, City Park Rose Garden



HE proper soil for the rose is strong, rich loam and well decomposed cow manure, but as we cannot always choose what we wish (the situations for our gardens being usually ready made) we must supply what is lacking as nearly as possible.

It is difficult to supply the rose with a soil too rich, and if the land lacks this element its nature must be changed by means of manure, loam, lime and bone. Many of the artificial manures are not very satisfactory in the long run for feeding roses after they have become established. The effect is similar to the whip on the horse.

It seems a very simple matter to water the rose, or plants in general, but the grower may have at his command the most suitable soil and fertilizers and still be a complete failure if he is not attentive to watering and drainage. I recollect how Veitch, of the Royal Exotic Nursery, gave all new arrivals a lecture on the art of watering. All classes of plants as far as possible should be watered by the same person, the reason being that the gardener by this means becomes acquainted with his plants and learns their various requirements, just as the shepherd knows his flock.

Treat a plant as we do ourselves. If the plant is sickly it rebels against food quite like a human being. It is a common mistake to flood a sickly plant to improve its growth, and such treatment usually finishes it. Little damage can be done in over-watering outside roses in a gravelly subsoil, but a subsoil of adobe or clay requires the grower to know how things are below deck. The greatest strain on a rose bush is when coming into bloom and therefore requires more water at that time. A plant either requires a good soaking or none.

The drying-off, or compulsory rest for roses during the summer months, is correct in some cases. I have invariably found that bushes will tell you when they require rest by absolutely refusing to grow. I claim that that is the proper time to give them the necessary rest, but if bushes are throwing up strong, red shoots from the base, such bushes should have every encouragement to go ahead.

Roses may be wet at the root, but how about the surface soil burning the very life out of the foliage? I know of no climate where mulching is as necessary for the well-being of the rose as in California. If you are not resting your roses spray underneath them early in the morning, giving them a bath and drink to last them through the day.

If the grower is ambitious for long stem blooms he must cut his roses down well in the winter pruning. Considerable pruning may be done in July to obtain autumn and winter blooms by taking out from the base the stems which were cut down in the winter, provided good, strong shoots are appearing from the base to replace them. Supply them with sufficient water, pinch off all the buds as they appear, give them liberal treatment and you will be rewarded with a fine display of bloom in the autumn.

In planting roses tread them firmly, but if the soil should be too wet you will simply be making bricks under your bushes, and if too dry it will be impossible to plant roses firmly. Mildew is very common in this section, and the best remedy for it is to place flour of sulphur in a sack or old burlap and dust onto the plants early in the morning. Black spots on roses is caused by a fungus known as "septona." When this is first noticed a solution of sulphide of potassium, diluted in the proportion of one ounce to a gallon of water, should be carefully sprayed on the leaves covered with the spots. I hear many complaints of rust on bushes; spray the bushes underneath the leaves with bordeaux mixture and dust with grape dust.

HOOVERISMS

Let meatless and wheatless be kickless and whineless

Lest all days to come be soulless and spineless.

Only a slacker could stand idly on the sidewalk and criticize as the army of workers marches by.

"Food will win the war!" whose food—German or American?

The world awaits your answer.

A million men may be in France in a few months—keep the lines open, and the food moving.

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Food Conservation

Extracts From Speech by Herbert Hoover, Before the Pittsburg Press Club.

A rough calculation indicates that already we have diverted from eight to ten million men from their normal occupations toward war and the products it requires. That is from one-quarter to one-third of our normal productive units. It is possible that we can increase the exertion of the remainder of our productive population by eliminating non-essential labor, by more intensive labor and longer hours, by the application of woman's labor, by putting the boys into labor earlier than otherwise, and can make up some of the gap in our productive units. We cannot, however, compass the whole, and the deficiency can only be overcome by the reduction in the consumption of commodities.

This does not apply to food alone, it applies to every commodity of which we consume more than is necessary for our health and comfort. We must strip to the bone in order that we may afford the economic luxury of the diversion of this portion of our productive power to the destruction of war. If we do not, our exertion in this war will stop short of the task imposed upon us, and we cannot look to victory with any assurance.

By voluntary conservation we are appealing directly for the self-sacrifice of the people of the United States to the carrying on of the war. I do not believe that there is another nation in the world in which the proportion of individuals of a willing sense of self-sacrifice is so high as in this people of ours, and in which a sufficient voluntary reduction could be obtained. Our programme therefore has been a hazard upon the number of people of this kind in the United States. This basis of reduction gave some trepidation to the Allies, for fear of its failure, but I am happy to say that we shall have performed our national duty, the Allies will have been fed during this harvest year, so far as the obligation falls upon us, almost wholly upon a voluntary footing. Far beyond this, it is justifying us in our belief in the high idealism and willingness to sacrifice in the American people.

We have, so far as the Allies are concerned, four marginal food resources. Our small normal surplus; the embargo; an abnormal surplus to be created by stimulated production; and a further surplus to be created by a reduction in our consumption. Our resiliency of resources in these four directions, principally the latter, is such that we can, if we have the will to do so, maintain the strength of the Allies and our own people, and all talk of famine is mere hysteria. Our world food situation is not to be interpreted

as famine; at worst it is to be interpreted in terms of soldiers to France.

There is another side to all this. No hour goes by but our hearts are haunted by the scenes of long lines of emaciated women and children who today and for three years have gathered in Belgium for their daily bread from America. That pittance—their all—represents scarcely the wastes from American tables. This winter these lines have, for the first time during the war, gathered in the poorer sections of England, France and Italy. Not only should this pull at our hearts but beyond this, it is a menace to our very safety. In the presence of a common enemy we sit at a common table with all people defenders. Is the daily call of the Food Administration for less waste, for simpler living, to eat only for strength, not a call to conscience? Is it not a vital call of defense?

As to next year, we can formulate no plans until we know the harvest. Our farmers are this year, despite great handicaps, making the greatest of efforts. The weather is, however, our real and final Food Controller. If we have a bumper crop we can save many ships from the long voyages. Even without a bumper crop, we could save more food next year. A crop failure, so far as to spell famine, is humanly impossible; the worst might spell more conservation.

The daily press tells of a very successful rose show held at Escondido, with many exhibitors and greatly increased interest. The net proceeds were given to the Red Cross.

National City's annual Rose Show was held last week with a wealth of bloom in the various classes. Besides the large attendance from National and Chula Vista, a number went down from San Diego.

San Diego right now has hundreds of homes fit to grace the middle pages of the Ladies' Home Journal. Bignonia tweedianas hang in glorious abundance from roofs and chimneys, and climbing roses seem to drape themselves in artistic abandon.

Uncle Sam is in a race against Germany for ships and food—are you with him?

Lay an embargo on non-essentials and speed up war work.

The food situation among the Allies is grave, yet in America there is food enough and to spare.

Conservation, concentration and consecration—for the sake of those at the front.

The Vegetable Garden

By WALTER BIRCH



HIS is the time when you want to be on the war path for insect and scale pests. A small supply of Bordeaux Mixture, Arsenate of Lead and Black Leaf No. 40 will protect your plants from most evils in this line. Use the first against fungus disease and blight; Arsenate for any leaf eating insects and Black Leaf for sucking insects, such as Aphis, etc. A little lime in the soil around your plants will help to keep off worms and sow bugs and at the same time sweeten the soil.

It is a good time now to put in a few more potatoes for second crop, also sweet potato plants. The sweet potato is a great addition to the garden, doing well in almost any but heavy clay soil. Set your plants about 18 inches apart in the rows and your rows three feet apart. Plant more beans, lettuce, radishes and almost anything else in the vegetable line that appeals to you. Keep your ground well cultivated and a fine surface, and remember that this year it is your patriotic duty to keep on planting, and so have enough vegetables for your own use. Tomatoes and sweet corn are two of the best things to plant, as they are both easily canned and kept over for winter use, and if you want good dry beans try pink, Lady Washingtons and Centura Wonder Wax.

In following out the plan of intensive cultivation and economizing space, it is often practicable to have a rotation of crops the same year on the same ground. The easiest of all the vegetables to grow and mature is the radish. One can usually count on being

able to utilize anew the space occupied by the first planting of these vegetables in from five to seven weeks, depending on the rapidity with which they are consumed. In intensive gardening however, it is not necessary to wait until all the radishes of the first plantings can be made. Enough of the roots can be removed at intervals to make places to set lettuce, cabbage, cauliflower, egg plant, peppers, tomatoes or other plants, and the two crops, radish and the interplanted crop, can continue growing side by side until the former is used up. In a similar way you can make room for other plants in your rows planted to onion sets. Various combinations of this sort can be worked out between quick maturing crops and others to follow them, as a large number of vegetable seed can be planted for successive crops from early spring until late summer.

In planting rotations of crops, certain general principles should be kept in mind. In type and character of growth the succeeding plant should differ as widely as possible from the plant which it follows. This is both to avoid attacks of insects and diseases and to insure that the second crop shall be properly nourished. A good plan is not to have root crops, such as beets and carrots, nor plants of the same family, such as cabbage and cauliflower, or tomatoes and peppers, follow each other. The different groups of plants take up different plant foods. To plant one class continually would exhaust your soil and your crop would be a failure.

Eleventh Annual Spring Rose Show

The eleventh annual Spring Rose Show is to be held in the California Building, Balboa Park, Saturday and Sunday, May 4th and 5th, and every loyal San Diegan, whether member of the association or not, should see that he is represented there by some exhibit.

Guy L. Fleming is superintending the arrangements and is giving much time and energy to the good cause and with the able assistance of Mr. Morley and his helpers, the show promises to be another triumph.

Roses are late this year but are coming on rapidly now and a wealth of bloom is promised for the big exhibition.

The Rose Show Committee has decided to change the program somewhat, and instead of dividing the exhibits into classes, as has been

done heretofore, each display will be awarded according to its particular merit. Exhibits however small, even to a single specimen, will be welcome.

Arranged baskets and vases are always a great attraction and the ladies are urged to make a display of their ability in this line. Baskets make a better effect when placed singly, so kindly bring a box or stand and a white cover cloth, on which to place your basket.

An admission fee of ten cents will be charged, and the proceeds above expenses will be given to the Red Cross.

Now there are just three things for each of you to do—make an exhibit, attend the show, and get your friends to attend.

The California Garden

Alfred D. Robinson, Editor
G. T. Keene, Manager
Office, 945 Seventh St., San Diego, Cal.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

The San Diego Floral Association

Main Office, Point Loma, California

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Entered as second-class matter December 8, 1910, at the Post office at Point Loma, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

California Garden is on the list of publications authorized by the San Diego Retail Merchants Association.

Subscription, \$1.00 per year

ADVERTISING RATES

One Page	\$10.00	Half Page,	\$5.00
Quarter Page	2.50	Eighth Page	1.50

Advertising Copy should be in by the 25th of each Month

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Floral Association Meetings

Evening Meetings

May 21—Japanese Views with Stereopticon
by Miss T. H. Graham of Sierra Madre,
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June 18—Annual meeting .

Not "Bit" but "Utmost"—the end is worth our "All".

Any food consumed over and above the needs of the human body is wasted.

We have to put every ounce of effort behind the men behind the guns.

From now until next harvest watch your grocery list or there will be no groceries to list.

The man who grows more food adds to the wealth of the world; the man who grows dollars may be adding only to his own wealth.

Make your home service reach the firing line.

It doesn't matter who started this war, Uncle Sam will finish it.

We must meet sacrifice at the front with sacrifice at home.

"The Allies are all in the same boat, a long way from shore and on limited rations"—and Uncle Sam is running the relief ship.

APRIL REGULAR MEETING



THE regular monthly meeting of the Association was held at the home of Miss Kate Sessions, on Tuesday evening, April 16. Mr. MacLaren, the landscape gardener of Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, was unable to be present, as scheduled, but sent a letter listing the donations to the park. These monuments, lakes, statuary, public buildings, arches and bridges, have been the gifts of patriotic citizens and lovers of the northern city.

Mr. Morley, of our own city park, spoke of the few donations to our park—the organ and a few grants of land. He is of the opinion that such gifts should be, not only monuments, but preferably things of natural and scenic beauty. He has in view several promissory contributions of money and land to be turned into money, but these are yet to materialize. He believes that few restrictions should be placed upon the gifts as the discretion of the park boards and superintendents, should dictate the best use of the same. San Francisco has made a wonderful success of Golden Gate Park, and the best use of her donations, because the general public and donors have placed confidence in the park superintendency. Many letters and expressions of appreciation of our own beautiful park and its features have been received by Mr. Morley and others.

The main discussion of the evening was in regard to the Rose Show. It was decided to hold it on Saturday and Sunday, May 3 and 4, in the California Building, using the proceeds for the benefit of the Red Cross. In order to conserve, all expensive prizes are to be omitted this year, and a simple card of rank and mention used.

Miss Sessions had on display many fine specimens of flowers. Of interest were some Swansonia blossoms, which she claims have come to us on the market via Germany, where the seed, gathered by Mr. Morley in Alaska, was sent by a friend. So now the Morley seed is a commercial florist's product. Fine ornamental peach blooms, tulips and wisteria were shown.

The meeting was ended by taking a nocturnal excursion to the back gardens in the neighborhood. Here was seen a fine pool, attractively constructed and wired with a changeable lighting effect. The arrangement and planting were most pleasing. In one of the gardens was a fine wisteria, growing over a canyon-side pergola, beside which was a good example of pool construction and planting.

When meat packers and hotel men boast of tons of meat saved on Meatless Tuesday, it is time for every private citizen to tally his pounds.

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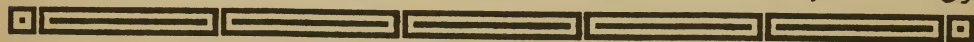
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